

There once was an empire chase
Known as a great, great game
And one of it's rooks came from stoke-on-trent
And mortimer was his name

An impotent tea-bag spazz
Pride of the vicar caste
Sent off to asia
Expansion land
Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man

He loved a nice sag aloo
The long, lazy afternoons
But soon he was singing
A different tune
It went something just like this

A billion flies on a horse's tail
The spirit of a late, lame raj
Punjabi's finest, bring me your wine list
As the news comes across the air today:
"tension grows in afghanistan
Carbine bullets could settle the score"--
I had a crap gin tonic it wounded me
Send my way off on one
Send my way off on one, two, three, four